

The Mind's Eye

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Gandhi: The Movie and the Man

by Meera Clark

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH's long-awaited movie (twenty years in the making) has turned out to be not so much a movie as a phenomenon. It has won five Golden Globe Awards, catapulted Ben Kingsley, a little-known British stage actor of half-Indian extraction, into world fame, spawned three books written by Attenborough himself, and earned reviews which run the full gamut from unctuous piety to partisan vituperation. An Indian reviewer, for example, calls the movie a "devotional film, Attenborough's *bhajan* to the Mahatma" (*MS*, January 1983), while at the other end of the spectrum we have a scholar of Islam whose article, "False Gandhi," in the *New Republic* (21 March 1983) led the editors to give it the alternate cover title "Gandhi, Holy Humbug"—and at times it is not clear whether the reviewers are talking about the movie or the man. In between these two extremes are all those professional movie critics (Stanley Kaufman and Pauline Kael leading the pack) who have damned *Gandhi* with faint praise.

FROM A SURVEY of these responses it becomes obvious that, whatever its cinematic merits or demerits, the movie cannot be evaluated on its own. Our response to the movie is inevitably influenced by our opinion of Gandhi the man, the political leader, and the spiritual visionary. Indeed, a major problem in sorting out my own complex response to Gandhi is precisely the fusion of the human being with the astute political strategist and the would-be saint. As a human being, as his autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, will attest, he was embarrassingly honest; as a political hero he was immensely courageous; as a spiritual leader he was often revolutionary (he worked to abolish the caste system) and sometimes merely absurd (witness his preoccupation with diet, for example). From all that has been written about him—Louis Fischer's *The Life of Mahatma Gandhi*, George Orwell's "Reflections on Gandhi," Erik Erikson's *Gandhi's Truth*, to mention a notable few—what emerges is a dynamic leader who was neither a saint as popular myth making would have him, nor a charlatan as his enemies (admittedly few in number) would have us believe, but a man more honest and courageous than most, and who suffered more than his share of inner contradictions and failures of prescience.

Ironically, when Gandhi failed as a man (he treated his wife and children abominably) and as a leader (he failed to prevent the Hindu-Moslem riots), he did so

precisely because he subjugated his human self, his human feelings, to an abstract principle. If the abrogation of all human ties in the service of God or of any other idea defines sainthood, then, as George Orwell points out, a successful saint is a failed human being:

No doubt alcohol, tobacco, and so forth, are things that a saint must avoid, but sainthood is also a thing that human beings must avoid. . . . Many people genuinely do not wish to be saints, and it is probable that some who achieve or aspire to sainthood have never felt much temptation to be human beings. ("Reflections on Gandhi")

It is to Gandhi's credit that although he aspired to moral perfection and thus, by implication, to sainthood, he never claimed to have achieved it. He had too good a sense of humor for that. What is more, he recorded with literal honesty his constant struggle with the temptation to be human.

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH'S MOVIE chronicles the triumphant progress of the saint and ignores the passionate struggle of the man. The opening shots of the film illustrate perfectly Attenborough's aims and their inescapable limitations. The movie begins with the assassination of Gandhi by a Hindu fanatic, a scene shot at point-blank range in a possibly unconscious parody of the assassin's own method. The camera pans overhead as it records the opulent funeral that follows: a huge cortege massed with flowers winding its way slowly amidst an undulating sea of mourners, Indian and British. One is suitably impressed by the mass worship that Gandhi evoked while one is at the same time straining to catch a glimpse of the human face. But the face—a small, brown, wrinkled nut of a face—is lost among the flowers and the mourners.

It becomes apparent that the British director and the Indian masses have accomplished with deadly success what Gandhi deprecated all his life—myth making. The dead man has been beatified both by the Indian need to create a saint whom one can worship and whose all-too-human struggles one can conveniently forget, an amnesia mandated by the fact that all the issues Gandhi struggled with are alive and not so well, and by a British director who, in the best traditions of his race, is a past master in shrouding the past with panache, with the style of the grand gesture. Both the colonizer and the colonized are still bound to each other by their hypocrisy, their need to venerate a past and to overlook the shambles of the present.

WHERE DOES ONE GO from this grand finale, the martyrdom of the man and the grand exit of an empire? Attenborough goes back to the turning point in Gandhi's life when as a young British-trained lawyer he gets thrown out of a first class carriage on his way to practice law in South Africa in the 1890s. The young Gandhi, to all appearances a brown Englishman, outraged by this brush with apartheid, slowly evolves the brilliant political tool which succeeds by its very outrageousness—non-violent resistance to unjust laws, practiced earlier by Thoreau and later by Martin Luther King.

Attenborough has been mildly damned by all reviewers for his "stodgy and cliché-ridden" camera work, but given his limited conception of the movie, his conventional technique intensifies the impact of the collision between two implacable forces: the British will to imperialism and the Indian will to independence. While our curiosity as to how the young, seemingly naive Gandhi evolves into the political sophisticate is never answered, the scenes of confrontation between the passive resisters and the British are strangely moving. Attenborough has been quoted as saying that he adores courage, and indeed, the movie is most successful as a paean to the greater courage, both moral and physical, involved in passive resistance than in taking arms. Indeed, I have a suspicion that if Attenborough's technique had been as sophisticated and innovative as Warren Beatty's in *Reds*, the sense of an epic struggle would have been lost, as it was in *Reds*, in which Beatty never achieved a balance between the personal and political themes of the movie. The political struggle in *Gandhi*, by comparison, never gets obscured, and the impact of some scenes—for example, where under General Dyer's orders British troops open fire on a captive, unarmed crowd in Amritsar—are visually very effective and therefore harrowing in the extreme.

HOWEVER, Attenborough's lack of directorial subtlety works against the depiction of Gandhi the man in his dealings with his wife and children. And here we come to a very troubling question: when does charismatic leadership, so necessary to achieve political revolution, slip over into dogmatism, into tyranny? The other face of the saint, however we define sainthood (purity of motive, willingness to sacrifice one's own life and the lives of others for a principle), is the face of the emotional blackmailer who is so convinced of the purity of his motives, the rightness of his belief, that he does not hesitate to impose his will on others.

Gandhi as the emotional blackmailer is most in evidence in his relationship with his wife. The hero

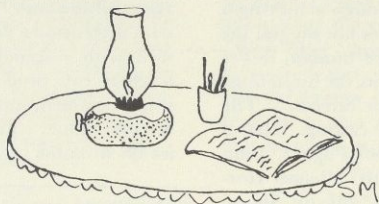
as domestic tyrant is, of course, nothing new. All our revered spiritual and political leaders from St. Paul and St. Jerome to Karl Marx, John Kennedy, and Martin Luther King have made their immediate dependents, women, objects for the exercise of their will, either in the service of misogyny or satyriasis. Fear of sexuality, fear of women, has led the best of men into two extremes—celibacy or debauchery. Gandhi chose the former, and when he decided to

take a vow of chastity, it never occurred to him to consult his wife's wishes in the matter. What was right for him had to be, willy-nilly, right for her. And this in a man who worked for the emancipation of women.

Equally egocentric was an experiment he conducted later in life—he slept naked with two young women to prove his freedom from all desire. What about the psychological effects of such experimentation, of being used as guinea pigs, on the two young women who, overawed by Gandhi's strength of personality, were not even free to think for themselves? This monstrous lack of consideration, we must remind ourselves, existed side by side with a very real, genuine compassion for the poor and the downtrodden. Attenborough glosses over all these troubling inconsistencies and Gandhi's wife, played by Rohini Hattangady, emerges as the meek Hindu wife so dear to the imagination of the West, while the reality was that she fought Gandhi every inch of the way and suffered intensely through Gandhi's unimpeded progress towards sainthood.

ANOTHER, perhaps even more troubling, aspect of Gandhi's myopia is barely touched on by Attenborough. When Gandhi is asked by the American photographer Margaret Bourke-White, played by Candice Bergen, whether nonviolent resistance would have triumphed against the Nazis, he replies with the evasion characteristic of many mystics, "Injustice must be fought." How, it is not clear. Orwell is right when he says that "Gandhi, who after all was born in 1869, did not understand the nature of totalitarianism and saw everything in terms of his own struggle against the British government."

Attenborough's film does not trouble itself with contradictions and shortcomings. Perhaps, given the complexity of the man and the magnitude of the issues, it could not. Gandhi the man needs a director of Ingmar Bergman's or Satyagit Ray's subtlety to do minimal justice to his complexity, but then neither Bergman nor Ray would have made a spectacular chronicle of epic struggle. For what, finally, Attenborough has achieved is a movie of the same ilk as other such historical epics—*Lawrence of Arabia*, *Dr. Zhivago*, *Reds*—whose chief characteristic is that they



are riveting while you are watching them and utterly forgettable once you have left the theatre.

Ben Kingsley has received such acclaim for playing Gandhi that it may seem uncharitable quibbling to question the merit of his performance. And yet, when I consider that the movie along with the central character is forgettable, I have to ask myself whether Kingsley's portrayal is not more a brilliant impersonation (the walk, the twinkle, the resemblance) than good acting. From the beginning to the end, although achieving a startling verisimilitude, Kingsley does not suggest the growth and change which mark the human, rather than the mythical, face. But then, again, the limitations of Kingsley's performance reflect the director's. The same can be said of the rest of the casting. What a glorious procession of names—Athol Fugard, John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, John Mills, Michael Hordern, Edward Fox, Candice Bergen, Martin Sheen. The very names induce a frisson of glamor and their

faces achieve arresting images without even trying.

Is the movie worth the ticket price and its inordinate length (three and one-half hours)? Would I recommend that my students see it? Most certainly, yes, just as I would recommend *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Dr. Zhivago*, *Reds*, and other such shallow historical epics. This is, above all, an age dominated by the visual media and, given what George Steiner calls "the organized amnesia of American schooling," there is nothing infra dig about jolting ourselves into awareness by seeing movies with pretensions. Bad art or non-art has its uses, if it is seen with discriminating judgment; and if we as teachers can prod ourselves and our students into thinking and inquiring further about historical issues, we may hope, with Stephen Dedalus, eventually to awake from the nightmare of history.

Meera Clark, associate professor of English at North Adams State College, writes on Shakespeare and detective fiction.

Pride and Prejudice in the Freshman Music Course

"What I Am Is What I Am"

by Dwight Killam

THE SENTENCE fairly leaped out from one of the student evaluations I had requested at the close of the freshman music course. The exact wording is forgotten, but the message remains firmly embedded in my consciousness. It said

We are blue-collar children of blue-collar parents, and I think it is very unfair of you to expect us to adopt your upper-class values and tastes.

There it was in black and white: the nagging doubt which has hovered in the misty recesses of my thoughts, now confronting me and demanding attention. Some of the responses during the year which has elapsed since I first read those words are offered here, rather for the purpose of stimulating thoughts and eliciting comments than in any spirit of preaching or pontificating.

Certainly one response is to dismiss the indictment out of hand. This is, after all, the judgment of one student in one course. Nothing of the same kind has crossed my desk before or since. But the impact of the comment derived more from my own corroborating observations than from any supporting communications of students or other teachers. The more I considered it, the more aware I became of the many factors which encourage such an attitude. And so I ask you to look for a few moments at the world of glorious musical traditions, of virtuoso performances,

of inspiring masterworks, of brilliant experiments, through the eyes of a blue-collar college freshman.

ONE THING NEEDS TO BE ESTABLISHED before going further: the student's self-description is accurate. Apart from the blue-collar appellation, which by no means applies to all, it describes the typical student at our school. Such a student comes to us with no experience of live performance of "classical" music, with little or no experience with recorded classical music, and in most cases with no personal performing experience. Let us keep this background in mind as we consider situations in which the student may encounter classical music.

When students attend an orchestral or chamber concert (a course requirement), they see performers dressed in formal evening wear. They see an audience dressed, however informally, in expensive clothes and behaving very sedately. The program lists as sponsors the leading local figures in industry and the professions. Program notes are written in an unintelligible jargon which tells nothing about what one might expect to hear. Surely all these perceptions support the judgment that this is music for a very different, obviously wealthier culture than the one of which the students are a part. A common criticism in the reviews they write is that performers do not talk with the audience during the concert—a behavior directly op-

posite to their expectations and one which symbolizes their cultural conflict with the experience.

If by some accident students tune in a radio broadcast of classical music, they are most likely to encounter a commentator whose carefully modulated voice and deferential treatment of his subject further strengthens their conviction that this is music for an esoteric elite.

If during their passage through the freshman music course, they actually do some reading about the lives of the composers whose music they are supposed to appreciate, they quickly learn that most of them were employed or supported by wealthy members of the nobility. The situation of those composers who were not financially successful is explained by the fact that they were unable to secure a rich patron. Little attention is paid in most texts to the popular success of such composer-performers as Chopin, Liszt, or even Beethoven. On the other hand, the story of wealthy patronage continues right up through Tchaikovsky and Wagner, about as far as many courses ever get. If the twentieth century is discussed at all, there is probably reference to the rejections suffered by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Varese, and others, further reinforcing the perception that this art form has meaning only for a small elitist clique.

Occasionally a work escapes from the classical repertory and is wholeheartedly embraced by the general public. When this happens, we are likely to read (for instance) that the Pachelbel *Canon* has been "cheapened," or that Ravel's *Bolero* was never really good music anyway. Indeed, it seems that the most damning criticism which can be leveled against a piece of serious music is that it is too "commercial."

ON REFLECTION, therefore, and given his experience and point of view, there appears to be ample justification for my student's opinion. What responses can we make? One which we can probably dismiss rather quickly is to admit the truth of the charge, agree that aesthetic preference is a function of socioeconomic status, and go out of the music appreciation business. I suspect we are not likely to give this option any serious consideration.

Possibly the easiest response we can offer is simply to affirm that understanding of great music is a necessary part of liberal education: if students come to be educated, we will educate them according to our deeply held beliefs about what is of most value. Questioning our judgment is not the students' prerogative. If one subscribes to that view, there is little more to be said. In this case, however, it would seem that one should be very thoughtful and certain about those things which are of most value. (I fear that sometimes we are not.)

A rather different response, but one with quite similar consequences, would be to say to the student: "You are right. Appreciation of great art is one of the attributes of the upper class. Your presence here in a program of career preparation is evidence of your desire to move into that class. To reach your goal, you must learn and assimilate as your own not only the professional skills but also the attitudes and values of the elite you wish to join. We are here to help you do that." Viewed from this perspective, music appreciation joins the endless parade of systems and tracts which offer "guaranteed" routes to acceptance and success—a sort of culture-centered version of *The Official Preppy Handbook*. Whatever our conscious reaction to this approach to the problem, I submit that many of us in the "culture business" are prone

to use it when we feel it will help the cause; certainly the advertising profession consistently employs classical music to promote its position as handmaiden to status. Perhaps we need to consider the extent to which we foster this materialistic measure of musical taste, intentionally or otherwise, and to what extent we ourselves accept it.

Of course, many of us would respond by denying the truth of the student's accusation on one basis or another, despite the circumstantial evidence which supports it. We would say that the experience of beautiful music transcends class barriers and cliquish conformity of dress, language, and behavior. All of us can point to success stories supporting that belief; that same batch of student evaluations contained a glowing expression of thanks from a student who had been "introduced to a new and glorious world which was totally closed to me before." On the other hand, I have to suggest that we cannot in all honesty call up examples of Italian barbers who sing Verdi or of German chauffeurs who love every note of Wagner. My student would argue that if such people exist they are denizens of another culture, and I would have to agree. After all, our American taxi drivers sing Neil Diamond and our truckers render John Denver. However, we do unquestionably bring many students to an awareness, even an enjoyment, of an art they never previously understood. Does that presumed success refute the charge? How many do we reach? What proportion of all the students we teach do they represent? And how lasting is the effect? Our commonly held and comforting assumption needs challenging, it seems to me.

One path which would seem to avoid the issue altogether is the route which focuses on the structural music characteristics of a composition rather than on value judgments about its quality. Indeed, this is how my course is structured: it moves through the



elements of sound and seeks to illustrate how composers have organized them to create various styles of musical composition. I quite intentionally seek to maintain a balanced representation of the styles, with approximately equal samples of the historical periods, jazz, rock, and current popular music. I try to keep the focus on the various ways in which composers use these sound elements, not on judgments about the ultimate worth of the creative outcome. Still, my bias shows, as is obvious from the comment which generated this discussion. I also get accused of destroying the illusion, the sense of mystery and adventure which many see as the hallmark of successful art. So this approach, also, demands some soul-searching for, as my student has demonstrated, it does not dispose of the problem.

YET ANOTHER ANSWER may have occurred to some who have followed the argument thus far, an answer I might like to accept but cannot. It is the traditional Idealist position that genuine masterpieces transcend all boundaries. An instructor in an aesthetics course once confidently told me, "An illiterate savage from a remote Pacific jungle would recognize the glory of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling or the power of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony the first time he experienced them." I have two observations about this belief. First, if it is valid, why do we have courses in music appreciation? All we need is a prescribed listening series—a sort of "Great Books"

of music. (Perhaps that is not such a bad idea; indeed, I seem to remember that it has been tried.) But secondly, and more seriously, my experience is that this idea, appealing though it may be, is simply not true. One New York jazz critic was heard to say, "Anyone who thinks music is the universal language has never heard the Peking Opera." To that I would add that anyone who thinks music is the universal language has never tried playing Beethoven for an American junior high school music class. If we claim universal validity for art, does it not have to be universal in fact? I think this faith, tempting as it is, is not a reliable ground for action.

That exhausts my present list of possible responses. No doubt there are more, and no doubt someone will suggest them sooner or later. For now, I offer no answers. Instead, every way of looking at the music professor's role raises questions in my mind. I personally expect to continue believing that great art has value for all people and that it transcends class distinctions. I will keep trying to convince my students of that, and trying to sweep away the false images that collect around our musical treasures. And I will suffer gladly the patronizing slings and arrows of those who will call me a popularizer.

Dwight Killam is professor of music at North Adams State College and a past president of the Massachusetts Music Association. This article is adapted from an address to A Symposium on Music for the General College Student at Fitchburg State College.

The Selling of Academe

The Credit Market

by Michael Haines

A COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY is a business. These days, that fact becomes more obvious as the competition for students intensifies. Colleges hire development officers, they do market research into prospective clientele, they advertise (often with slick, Madison Avenue-type brochures that look like "promos" for property in Florida or Arizona), they speak in terms of production of FTEs or credit hours, and like banks in the Depression (or, sadly, in the present) they occasionally go under. No one would deny that college is a business.

But what, exactly, does a college sell? The right answer to the question is education. However, if one reads a college catalog closely (say, ours, for instance), he has to conclude that the real business of colleges is the selling of credits.

Colleges, of course, traditionally charge by the credit. Full-time students (those who take a minimum of 12 credits per semester) pay a set amount, while part-timers pay so much per credit, as do students in

continuing education. I suppose that this system is more efficient than trying to charge students according to how much they learn, and I really have no argument with it.

Where I do have a problem is with the various means of giving credit for learning which does not take place at the institution awarding the credit. I have no difficulty with transfer credit which represents a reciprocal agreement among institutions to recognize learning gained at those institutions. But I am greatly troubled by credit awarded in the Advanced Placement Program (AP), in the College Level Examination Program (CLEP), for experiences in military services, for departmental challenge examinations, and for the portfolios presented in prior learning programs.

HERE I WISH TO EMPHASIZE that I do not question the validity of the experiences leading to the granting of credit in each of these programs, nor am I specifically challenging the instruments used to evalu-

ate such experiences. Though I do have some qualms about some of the standardized tests (especially CLEP), I respect the evaluation of prior learning portfolios as thorough and professional. The portfolio experience on this campus is certainly not a walk-through for the applicants. In fact, the portfolios are more than "instruments": their very composition constitutes a rigorous learning process. In the best of all possible worlds every incoming student would be as thoroughly evaluated in order to find the level at which he or she should start.

The question remains, however, what a college—this college—should do with the student from that point on. I suspect we cannot easily get out of measuring learning with credits, but what I would like to see is the "sale" (if you must) to students of 120 credits' worth (or four years' worth) of supervised learning from the entry level onward. In place of granting credit for various kinds of prior learning, what I think is more appropriate is to waive whatever courses contain material that a student has already mastered. What we would then be saying to the student is: "You have entered at such and such a level; we are therefore going to waive you out of certain courses, *giving you no credit for them*, and then we are going to educate you for four years (120 credits' worth) more. Our bachelor's degree will thus represent four years of learning which we have supervised. Since you are entering at a higher level than other students, at the end of four years you will presumably leave here at a higher level than they will."

What I am suggesting is by no means unworkable. We have been doing it in a small way for a few years in our own English department. Under a previous system by using a writing examination, and under the current system of using in-class evaluation of writing, we have waived Composition I, and even Composition II—we have not granted credit but have simply waived the courses. We have thus adopted the practice of recognizing a given level of skill and of allowing students to enter at that level but without reducing the number of credits students must take. Nor does a waived course have to be replaced with another English course (we are not trying to protect our own offerings). Instead, the student has gained three elective credits.

If this sort of thing were done with all types of prior learning, our students would be the beneficiaries: they would obviously learn more because they would have the opportunity to take more, and presumably higher-level, courses and would finish college with a comparably better education. The degree itself would remain the same, but there would be a world of difference in the transcript.

Students, however, would not be the only ones to benefit; the institution would profit as well because it would enhance the legitimacy of its degree. If we give college credits for learning which we do not directly

Tornado

by Robert Bishoff

Beneath the thick mattress
We lay huddled together
Listening to the wind
Playing out its score
Across the plains.
Beethoven, Bach—something
Baroque? Certainly it wasn't Brahms.

I should learn music,
I whispered.
It's getting closer, isn't it,
You replied,
And shifting, pulled us deeper
Into softness.

The crescendo began.
The walls will fall,
You said,
Hold on! I love you!
I held
Waiting for the cymbal crash.

It never came.
Instead we heard the rumble
Of freight cars as a train passed through.

Brahms after all,
I said;
And pulling you close
I closed my eyes.

Robert Bishoff is assistant professor of English at North Adams State College.

supervise, how are we different from the "diploma mills" where one can get—for a price—a mail order degree?

We ought not to be in the business, I think, of selling credits or of certifying prior learning by the awarding of credits. Rather, we ought to be selling learning—learning which takes place under our supervision *after* the student enters. Failure to do this undercuts the credibility of the degree we offer.

LET ME AGAIN MAKE CLEAR that I am not attacking the integrity or professionalism of the evaluation of prior learning. I am calling into question the principle of whether it ought to be done at all. What is the basic philosophical concept of a baccalaureate degree? Should it represent a certification of minimal levels of skill and competence in certain disciplines, or should it denote four years of college-level learning

directed by the institution granting the degree? Obviously, I would opt for the latter.

Nor should my reflections be read as a rejection of the credibility (and creditability) of any of a number of learning experiences which are nontraditional, such as internships, experimental or less orthodox endeavors like Winter Study, or courses in subjects outside the realm of the traditional academic disciplines. I am perfectly willing to grant students credit for experiences of an artistic or cultural nature if it will encourage

them to indulge and respond. My argument is not with the subject matter but with the question of whether the credit-granting agency actually directs the learning experience. The problem is only partially with content but more radically with control—a kind of control that will achieve superior content.

Michael Haines, chairman of the English Department at North Adams State College, is a specialist in medieval literature.

THE EDITOR'S FILE

Remembering Buffy

BUFFY DIED July 2, 1982. His kidneys, we were told, had stopped functioning, he ate practically nothing, and his weight fell from ten pounds to four. Our hearts ached watching him fade away.

He was our beloved friend for twelve years. A wonderfully self-contained cat, he seemed to know much more than he let on, which gave us a special feeling about him. We fancied he understood every word we said, but he kept his own counsel in the way of a proper cat, and we will not know until the next world what he really thought about things. We always spoke to him tenderly and respectfully as befitted his dignity and never talked about him in his absence except in tones at which, if he were present, he would not take offense. He spent a lot of time out of the house discharging his mouse patrol duties in the meadow. (He learned early in life not to range too far, after the local fox chased him out of there one sunny afternoon.)

In summer he would leave early in the morning, returning at noon for a snack and an afternoon's nap on one of his beds (there are six in the house, and all were his). Around five o'clock he would go out again until nine or ten or eleven, depending on the volume of business or on what other mysterious interests the night held. Between times, if we were sitting on the porch, he would appear and spend a convivial few minutes with us. These visits were a special benison for which we were duly grateful—a rest between his labors and an extra chance for us to admire his grace and beauty.

Buffy was not what you call an affectionate cat. He would be more accurately described as purposeful. He did, however, make a regular concession to sentiment, especially in winter. Every evening between eight-thirty and nine he would thump down from upstairs on his four double paws, hop up into his

mistress's lap, and spend an hour or two helping her read the newspaper or a book, or do her school work. He was very keen on this and hardly ever forgot. It made a great bond between them which she sorely misses. Naturally, she is quite sad. And so am I because I held him in great esteem. He had all the assurance and insouciance which I want for myself but have failed to achieve in a lifetime of striving.

WE LAID HIM TO REST in his meadow wrapped in the indigo towel with which we used to pat him dry when he came in from the rain—it was right that it should be his shroud. His eyes were open a tiny crack, the way they were when he used to peek at us when we thought he was asleep. It is comforting to glance up there and murmur a soft greeting, remembering with a pang our joyful ebullience when we came home of evenings and he "materialized" out of the shadows to do welcoming roll-overs in the driveway.

Knowing he is not here any more comes to us in bits and pieces. We cannot give him up in one leap. Love is not like that.

We loved him dearly.

We are grateful that he came into this house, a blue-eyed buff and white kitten who added riches to our lives. He has taken a part of us with him, and we are diminished. We have let him go, but we cannot forget.

—Charles McIsaac

Editor's Note. These lines were written a month after Buffy left us. He is still missed. His "sister," Ginger, a female dog, died August 6, 1983, of heart disease. Ginger was thirteen; she came to us in 1970, in the same week as Buffy. They were great friends. Now they lie side by side in the meadow.

The drawings in this issue are by Susan Morris of East Dover, Vermont.

